

Contributed

TEKEL.

John Richard Moreland.

Thou art weighed in the balances and found wanting.
I know not the appointed hour or day
When I shall hear death's angel call;
It may be in the morning, cold and gray;
It may be in the gilded banquet hall;
But, O my God! keep me from sin and shame,
Nor write that fatal word against my name—

TEKEL.

This heart of mine is prone to stray
In paths the many tread—so smooth and wide.
Help me to walk within the narrow way
That leads to thee, no matter what betide.
There is no value to earth's pomp or fame
If at the end there is against my name—

TEKEL.

O sinless One, who bore earth's load of sin
And came out victor o'er Gethsemane,
Help me to bear my cross that I may win
The crown. Turn my defeat, O God, to victory.
Let not that awful word of death and flame
Send me from out thy courts in fear and shame—

TEKEL.

The call shall sound from pole to pole
Some day, and every one shall bow the knee,
And the recording angel weigh each soul.
Then let thy pardoning blood atone for me,
Else I be banished from thy face in shame
And this one word be written 'gainst my name—

TEKEL.

THREE OLD FRIENDS.

By Rev. Geo. L. Leyburn.

Recently has come the announcement of the death of three friends whom I had known long and well, "brethren beloved in the Lord." They were Jonah W. Lupton, Thomas S. McPheeters and James M. Chaney. In most things they were very different, but were all men of note, of decided ability, devoted to God and His kingdom, and who did, each in his own way and in his own sphere, a great work for the Master and for their fellowmen, leaving their impress for good upon the hearts and lives of hundreds who rise up and call them blessed. And these all "having served their generation by the will of God fell on sleep."

The news of the passing away of these brethren, especially of the first two, came unexpectedly, and somehow has affected and touched me more than I can tell and more than usual in such cases. In every instance for days after, I found myself thinking of him of whose death I had just heard, recalling his appearance, look, manner, tone of voice, and incident after incident in which he was the chief actor, in the days of "Auld Lang Syne." To have counted these men among my best friends, I esteem both a privilege and an honor. So thankful for the gift of them, I wish to add a few words of loving remembrance of these brethren and their work for God.

My first acquaintance with Rev. J. W. Lupton was in 1867, when I went from the Seminary to take charge

of the Loudon Street Church, Winchester, Va. He was a son of that church, was then an ordained minister and married, and had acted as "supply" for the church during the illness and after the death of the former pastor, Dr. A. H. H. Boyd. Had he agreed, I think he would have been called as pastor, but largely because "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country," he positively declined to allow his name to be considered. So he received me most kindly, and for the few months he remained, gave me his hearty support and all encouragement and help possible. As a young minister in his first charge this won my heart at once, and thenceforth he became and was a friend indeed. Soon after he was called to Leesburg; I was present at his installation and well remember it, one part especially, "the charge to the pastor" by the venerable Dr. A. D. Pollock, that somewhat eccentric but noble-minded and large-hearted man of God.

During the eight years of my ministry in Winchester I saw him frequently, for Leesburg was a pleasant day's drive distant, he had property near town and all his "kith and kin" were in our congregation, where everybody knew him and all called him "Jonah." But it was almost impossible to get him to preach either in town or country, he was wary and hard to catch, ready to render a reason, and generally going home before Sunday. Yet I heard him occasionally, and always with pleasure and profit. About the time I left Winchester, he went to Clarksville, Tenn., where his largest and best work was done, and thereafter we seldom met. But those early days of friendship and fellowship I can never forget, and I have always esteemed him as one of the first and best friends of my early ministry. In his last years he "completed the circle" by returning first to Leesburg—there ending where he began his ministry—and then to Winchester—there ending his days near where he was born, esteemed and honored by all. After a life of usefulness and in a good old age, he was gathered to his people and buried with his fathers. Truly "the memory of the just is blessed."

And what shall be said of the next, Mr. Thos. S. McPheeters? For he was a rare man and no pen can describe him; one had to know him, to see and hear him, to have any true conception of the man, his character, his speech, his work. So I shall give only a few personal reminiscences.

The news of his death was the most unexpected of any, for he was the youngest of the three by a score of years or more, I think, not an old man, and I had heard nothing of his ill health, but supposed him good for years of usefulness yet to come. I first met him soon after moving to Lexington, Mo., in 1878, either that year or the next when he came to Lexington in behalf of the Y. M. C. A., or perhaps at our first "Deacon's Convention" held at Mexico, Mo., in 1880, I think. From that time on I saw him repeatedly, not only at meetings of Synod and the Elders' and Deacons' conventions, but also for fifteen years I was connected with Synod's Evangelistic Committee, eleven years as chairman and four as superintendent, and during the whole time Mr. McPheeters was a member of the same committee, rarely absent and one of the most regular, interested, and valuable members; he visited